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a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham November 3, 2008 in the wee hours.

Voice file 081103_000

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1. The blessing rests within thee. The blessing rests within you. The blessing is within you. The blessing is you. You are the blessing, and there is no hook in your jaw again for you speak the truth, you've become it, untainted, for you want nothing. You nailed your want to a tree, not; but nevertheless you let it die just the same. Now the blessing emerges, for you resurrect. Resurrection time is here.

2. For you, but a "roe" not; shall we look up Buddy Roe now? Roe not in another's mouth for their fodder "stew" stewing you any more. You rest. In that you rest, not; you rest in me -- and I am rest.

3. The seed of me in you, the seed of me is you. The seat of me is you. And throne one we are.

4. And knowing our blessing, that we are it, we look not for another. We quit assuming IT will come from another place, another way, another time, in another person, in somewhere something far away, that we enter somehow or receive later after we die.

5. We end all that. All that ends now. I end that.

6. For I end all things not me; of my father's table graces, not; but I sit straight at the table now, not slumped over, and I know what *MANNERS* are, *for I study them and I learn them.* And they are me, not, but I study; barbarianism and sloppiness, not; I learn how to "erect" myself, not in the graces of others who think only in their mind wanting my mind's graces to be given to them, but I know what love is and I walk in power, in grace, in mercy, not accorded by man man's schemes of scheming things and wanting me to disapprove each other's behavior, word, appearance.

7. Lightning not, or what do I bring to all "THAT" now? Do I "ignite" that somehow? Is it "black powder" waiting to be ignited by something somewhere that knows what love is, that love is them, in their word is their blessing, that can "blast out" all not me and sloppiness and researchnot methods that have beleaguered the Saints-not?

8. What have you seen? Seeing what in these words? A new theme? Way of seeing? Way appearing? Way of reading, writing?

9. What are you writing? *Anything*? Are you writing the papers I've "assigned" to you? Are you reading others' materials? News week items and things that don't mean a hill of beans? Whose hill of beans are you on? And why are you roller-coaster'ing for them? And whose coaster are you in? Drinking they are your brain –'s juice? Juicing you, for what? Answers that aren't you, that aren't me; never again -- for we speak the truth as one, being one, the whole one that we are -- **The Blessing** replete. That's who we are, our name is one -- **The Blessing** IN THE EARTH, and farther than the eye can see or the imagination can "take" one, there not. For I take you there, in all love. I take you there, I am love. I take you there, or do you take me "there" because "you" don't exist anymore, for you have "thought" me into place, real, that you are, by writing into your "genes" that which I am, that which I have "accorded" into you; for you are the "real you", not that man thinks you are, or that you thought of yourself or that you were before these words came to you through you. But now you're the "real you" that me I am is, not separate and apart again from me experiencing the fall that you read about in Genesis.

10. Timelessness ensues and all know about these words. All knows about them, for they put their nose in them; and they grind them to a grindstone, not anymore, by man's standards or another. For all that changes, for life is in these words, they are my blood, for they are my thought - one and the same. My thought is my blood. My warmingness not, my war-mongeringness not, but my war with you is over, for I have only one "voice", and that is my father, and not "another" that doesn't exist, that didn't exist, until I gave "it" voice in me because I thought "it", "that" voice, was me my voice as a person, a human-kind person that had a voice that could move lips and make sounds and emit tones and syllables combine into language that formed meanings transmittable to others, thoughts that I thought could receive and comprehend what I was meaning, because I was saying what I thought I was meaning and transmitting what I thought was inside of me, not knowing I was inside of another's thoughts and I wasn't me at all, and my thoughts were being eaten by others who thought energy was my brain wave patterns, and usurped me my thought power into robbing me; from grave sites, not; but putting me into them; and taking me grave robbing, not; but grave to gravesite and putting me in it, them, and I knew no peace for I had no rest. See what I have said.

11. I rest now. I pick up my pen. I call "the man" not, I write - him her me us one -- to be one. And I say "all things" that need to be said, not; I say surrender - "I surrender" and I sign it and I mail it, I email it, I publish it far and wide for I let all know I surrender to **The Blessing** that is within me, that I have been given, birth to; and it births me, not; I birth it. And the freedom I give "it" is given me, for I birth freedom and it births me -- and we are one now and we speak the words I am is.

12. Correctly now I breeze, without needing air again. For I've become "airless", not; air-headed, not; but **the air I breathe is these words**, for it "souls me", not; but it soothes my soul, not; it stirs me greatly and I know there's more to the story, **This Story**, that is **The Real Story** -- **of MY life**, **that I am reading about in these words. And experiencing it vicariously not, for I know I cannot experience *THIS* vicariously; I come into it, I surrender to it, I be it, *I birth it -- and birthing it, I be it,*** to the nations now, for they eat of my body and bread, drink for food, of me, from me, for I river it; them, to them so freely do I give of my body and blood. For their thought is mine not to chew on and numb their brain in disagreement and me "separating" them from thought in thought from each other and from God godship real and true.

13. See what I have said. A different word -- a true word, for all my words are true, for I birth the word - of truth. I be it -- **The Blessing** known now, come into, I have, and I give it you -- for I reveal it, I reveal you. I reveal to you what YOU are, to you really, not a façade of things present that presented are to you that you have "eaten" before on platters not royal making you, but subjectivity subjecting yourself to their servitude-ship, thinking their thoughts that others "fed" to you, vicariously-not. You ate their words and you became what their words told you -- you became *their word.* A "product" of their word, you became -- it. You were their product, their son. They were your father, for they emitted rays and you absorbed them, you ate them, you dwelt and let them "dwell" in your "land" between your "ears", that headship that you abdicated from the throne of grace mercy and love, being it, **The Blessing** that you are real and true "inside" and you gave it to another and "whore'd" with their thoughts, exchanging the glory of God for manship-womanhood thought, laid down your crown, and walked as a human being, or so thought. You did. That in grace not; war. It WAR'd your soul, creating it -- in un-rest.

14. See what I have said. Please see what I have said. Sing these words, not; but singe them again not in your thoughts or misinterpreting what I am saying and thereby exhausting yourselves' flesh thoughts and what you are doing in so mighty thought thinking yourself above these things and that they don't, might not, apply to you -- for they apply to all mankind. And farther, further? Is there more *"out there"*?, beyond the starry lit sky?, -- for me?, you say?

15. Is there "more" in Me?, that actually might "reside" in me?, as a **blessing**? Can **The Blessing** reside in me as a seed that I must birth, that I birth, that I am to birth in this world? That why I am here? I am says back: I am, yes.

16. I am all things -- perfect, and the seat of perfection, IS, me, you -- that birth to see perfectly, by writing in your genes that you are me by surrender. And it is done one mode'd-ly, and that modality is me, not; process - ME process and process me – I have

given you, to create me, for you see - you are me. I am you. We are not separate at all and never were before religion "tamed us" into being two separate apart, and divided our minds to control us, greed us, and insert itself "between us". We needed -- then – a cross, to bind the "separation" and I sent my son to show you all things and how to "cross" "*that bridge*", not; but that bridge that you must now cross is to lay your life down not in a gravesite of earth, but that earth between your ear-site, that gray matter is, that emits notme realms and creates them thereby, by thinking other's thoughts and eating them and theirs yours, and vice versa -- see what I've said -- alter that, not; destroy it, not as man does, but rest. Rest in. Rest in me. Become me, become rest, -d. Rested in me, you see "the rest" of "the story" embedded within you, for you carry the seed of Christ. **You are the seed of Christ**. You are the seat of Christ -- until you usurped it with your mind in your words and let your words eat your mind that was my mind alone and pure untainted, greed-less, and knew all things perfectly and roamed the skies heavenward and far beyond starry lit sky systems you flew with ease, instantaneously at "thought" -- until your "raiment" became *want'd*, and your "want" tainted you, and your clothes "white" became "shadowed" with thoughts of another, for another purposes, not; but for yours alone, and you shadowed yourself into hell, creating it around you and "boxing you in" it. And hologram of thought not a bad suggestion, not -- for it did great things, good things, not, to both; but both and, it did, that notme wanted, by creating want, it creating you that knew not **The Blessing** was inside you. But I change all that. I change it with this word. I change it with the words I've given you for almost 6 years.

17. I come into you and you, and to me, and I feed you "a lot of bull" not, anymore, in pews sitting again, listening to *that stuff,* again. I cleanse all that -- the temple won't remain *CROWDED* any more like that again. For the word is sifted, not; but grained by another, not.

18. Greened not by another. But I develop what now? My score, not; my scorecard, not; my "report card" not ever again by man's judgment -- but **what am I creating, a school** within me? No -- letting it out, to the world.

19. To the worlds we go, I go to now, with you, for you have schooled one, and let one school you, to schools create, for schools come forth, creatively, creating my wordship schools, my beauty, my beautiful schools that let my word flows create. And "flowering arrangements" you won't be on "their walls" anymore or in their pews usurping their thoughts or them feeding you "their bull".

20. I change all that. I change everything. Absolutely everything! I rise now. I resurrect. The resurrection is me and I change everything. About it, not; for the resurrection is pure holy and undefiled. Undetermined not - I chose this path, because I

died to all else. And I above all else, not; but matter not. I am not matter'd by another's thoughts again. Holographically perfect, not; or am I perfect in *everything* and every way? Perfection I am, I entered it, I be it for I birthed it, for it was in me all the time as **The Blessing -- the Christ**, was it, and it was me, and now I know who I am for I am was it, and I am is Christ, and I am is me - that makes me Christ.

21. The process didn't make me Christ, I was Christ all the time, all along, I knew it not. I was a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger, not; I was wrapped in a flash bag suit and taught I was another and that I was separate from "that story". That "that story" had ended and was long ago, 2000 years ago or some such, or some period back then; or it was supposed to come in the future. I wasn't sure which, for my time got mixed up when time came in to me and muddled all things and gray-matter'd me.

22. See what I've said; altered everything and corrected it, in timelessness. I am it -- the timeless one, who makes all timeless. Time shall have nothing me in us again.

23. I love you all we are one. One whole again. We birth correctly perfectly, this time, and no matter shall behold me, not; for all matter shall behold me. And not be subject to me, not.

24. See what I have altered "the way" of and how all things are done, now by the word of my mouth, for I know who I am, where I came from, what I am doing here, and my mission is perfect, perfection to birth, it, into the world so that the world sees it and knows it I am them, and that they carry it and that they birth correctly, and that now they us as one being, one being actuality freed, reality known and having come into, we birth it in fields far and wide. I love you all to do this, be this, you are this in field one. Do you know this now?

25. Question me, not; phone me not up with all your questions -- *look in this Database! These Databases!* Pure and clean these Databases are and present you many questions to learn by, to learn thereby and to ask you, yourselves and each other, and studying perfectly; methoding you into methodism's faults, not; but coming out of methodism a notme that systemic'd you into my their systems and tainted there, upon their systemic stand, as they took stand to accredit me and force me into school systems and training sets of standards that only made money for them, each other, and greed-love, calling it "commerce" and "blessing".

26. I change all that. I change everything and I come now, I call, I conquer in love, with love, for I am love -- I have birthed love in these words, that I've brought you, these six years, these almost 6 years, and six years -- what shall you get in six months? A hard time? Shall you give me a hard time and begin "harsh treatment" again?, or shall you lay

down your life? Like a servant being walked on, not; but **a regal lifter of my head your head knowing the same head and headship of Christ that you are, you bear, you birth, in these your words that you let fly through these assignments and these papers for publication and articles that you create in my school** -- *for* my school, not; but **forming my schools by being them you graduate into me'ship, plural and mighty, a one me altogether one.**

27. See what I have altered the paradigm of, not; I have "crashed" all the "dreams" of notme'ism and ologies of theologies and ideologies of "Satan". I've crushed all that, for I have cut'in off my head, not; but I have removed yours, not; **you are the judgment seat of Christ and you judge yourselves worthy of being me my seed birthed into The Land of Promise, receiving The Promise, by being it, birthing it, and being the Savior, the Christ child birthed again, you reading this, I am talking speaking to you, describing it to you to be it, and surrendered to it -- you be it in surrender, and you can only surrender to it.** You can only surrender to this. You can only surrender to this, one time, or can you? Or is it a "forever thing"?, not, or is it? A "one time thing", not. It is a lifestyle, not; **it is a life you enter to enter me for I am the life, I am life and I give life. I birth it. It births me** out of holographic hologrammic thought, patterns that "arranged itself" around me. But hollows me out no more, I am cored not by it anymore, nor does it control me with its words or thoughts, by, that come through another, for I have not two voices in my head -- I have not two natures anymore -- I am one-natured one Christ, -d; one Christ raised from the dead, that resurrects now in flesh while I live, because I come soulless. I come without want anything of this world of, and I have laid all of this world down; not exactly, for I am here in it. And I birth IT here in me not, again; but I birth the real, in, being it, knowing it, truly and real I do this, not subject to IT anymore, or its ways of servitude.

28. I gratitude there all things now, for I shoulders have but one and the head of government seat of Christ in that I am, I sit at table with my father, and he becomes me through these words, these words that I write, these words that I eat now, and let his blood, vein me properly, without vanity of all. For humility I rise, with humility I rise, and vanity I have none, but humble I am. I walk your streets. I speak your words not, I speak mine that my father's is that I gave me that I gave him for we are one, the same, not separate again anymore by anyone's standards, for **I standard the standard now and I made new the standard, and the standard standard changes -- for the standard of man will be the standard no longer.** For I stand corrected as the corrector, for I became the one who lives the life of I am, and I prototype one give you all things, not; but I have given you The Way to holiness by being it, birthing it, by birthing it in you, that which resides in you, the Christ, seed of glory, birthed now into **The Blessing,** to be it in the earth and farther, creating farther-ville shall we now? If in only love we are, we become love, that we give, feed others the life of one -- creating it now -- **let us do together. Be**

one whole. We are home. In thought, not; reality true and real for we birth it. Only if we birth it.

29. Come clean with truth and let truth clean you. In these words is truth and these words is truth, are truth, and setting you free -- they are. And they will do, if you eat them correctly without pride's blessing being the interpretation or interpreter; but **surrendering to all of, bring it "TO TABLE" and serve me humility, integrity, want-not, and let me see your blood flow, and I will let my blood flow to you, and our voice will be the same, our heart will be the same, our head will be the same, for I only have one - the headship of Christ, my head lifted again, and all knowing who I am, where I am, enthroned again, Lordship of Christ complete.**

30. And *COMING AGAIN?* Laugh at!, not. Weep, for the untrained, who listened not to the voice within them, inside them, that they carried unbirthed -- to where?

31. I ask you all - this question, these questions, and more. I have asked you this, I have asked you *many* questions in these words. What have you done with them? What are you doing with them? Will you "reassign" them to another, period of time, also? Will you consider them prophecy, or prophetic?, or history, like you do so many other words that have truth IN them -- some of them Do you know which ones do and which ones don't?

32. Differentiating me, not; but differentiating what? How will you learn to discern? **How will you come into me?** By writing - surrender, I surrender, and signing it - and framing it, and putting it on your wall, and seeing it every day, every night, and eating it, letting it become you so that you are not separate from surrender, -'s love anymore.

33. But you birth love being surrendered to do so perfectly, entering perfection's blessing, being it, birthing it, birthing **The Blessing** that you are now for **all** to be at **your table**, your kingdom opened, and **saving many thereby** there with what you are, for you have become the Savior, that all look for, in another -- that **you tell now** -- that they are, and that they have inside them, **the Savior, seed of Christ, and that they must birth it, and take to the cross and go through the cross and over the bridge of dying to this world and all that is within it and all of its values accolades grace and glory of man**; giving woman a hard time, not; but all the things that are experienced in these worlds, this world -- know one thing; you are my love, you are loved. Be it now to another, to each other -- clean and perfected -- be my mercy and grace to all, and joy bells ring in their "soul" not again, but letting them know truth and being it diligently let us all be one together. One big happy family never envisioned by man, but will be again. For I am it -- the birther of - it, and you are too, all of you, for we all birth, I proclaim it now - for seeing me all will and I PROTOTYPE ONE bring you this word message of love truth and

grace -- discipline exercise now and know who you are, and learn to eat these words for breakfast lunch and dinner. And supper of another's be never again, eaten on their plate and scrambled "brains" having.

34. I love you all. Good evening. Good morning. Still be. Lie in the graves no more but be risen -- the resurrection is here! Proclaimed herein -- **The Blessing** -- is -- known again throughout the earths and farther. Herein defined, exemplified, proclaimed again. Given you this day all this is in your hearing. Seeing now what? The resurrection.

35. Fly with me baby, for here I go -- not. There are no "babies" now and in pew-ship "waiting for another". See what I mean? Wait not for another to come, but be the Christ child that births the Christ and Christ be to others now, each other for each other, and forgiving each other's sins and raising the Christ child in each, to be the Christ fully matured in my worlds, and worlds knowing conquering. For me, not; being me. I am.

36. In the earth again I walk Prototype One for you to see who you are and these things know and all ingest becoming all in all, please, again. Thank you. Amen.

37. This is Theodore Cottingham signing off for now. I hope these words change your world, your thinking, and your thinking comes in line with the Christ so that the Christ comes forth in you and you not separate it from you anymore. Amen. 2:28 AM in Tulsa.

38. Good day.